# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS. AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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## Original Poetry.

### VIOLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. R. SMITH.

There art but a wee thing, dearest,
And yet I often know
Revealings of deep earnest thought,
Upon thine infant face.

Then art too frail a blossom
For the cold world of care,
We have learning years more frequent fall,
Than April's sunny showers!

Then hast a fair young mother,
As guileless a'n as thou—
The same pure holy look it bore,
That clothes thy cherub brow.

She often murmurs in her sleep,
And finds there is her breast
She dreams that bright-eyed seraphs,
Bend o'er the couch of rest.

For she knows that very dearly,
Such as thou, the angels love—
And she often deems they're waiting
To bear thee home above!

So fragile and so tender,
Are the links of our little chain,
That my gentle play of sunbeam
The force through my brain.

Then hast place it by the grave,
Keeping watch in sun or night,
And a handsome tomb the willow,
Shields her through the dreary night.

Then hast been my sweetest study,
And the crisp of magic wings,
And a mysterious something hovers
With the infinity she sings.

Then more holy and more tender
Grows her love than aught there be—
Like the sweet Madonna Mother,
With her infant on her knee.

Should the angels hear thee, darling,
To their starry home on high,
Would I fall to earth my mother,
In her lonely halls would sigh.

Then on bright and starlit nights,
She would sleep her child again,
Where the angel-wings of heaven
Every year of earth's pain!

## Original Novelet.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849 by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACHMENT.

Ernest, sincere, disinterested, unselfish, devoted—
Who knows the man, no matter what his name?
Charles.

A tender sigh stands in the house of love—
An earnest vow is registered in heaven—
The reliance of the plaintiff—by witness!

The Rev. John Hoss Withers. He had been recommended to the parish as his successor in case of his own demise by Mr. May. He had been settled some twenty years back with the old gentleman—within the last ten years he had had a congregation a mere wreck of his former society. Very lately his charge had been reorganized, in great part, by the exertions of Mr. May, assisting his means for his resignation, he alleged it came to be—locomotive affliction—the loss of his wife. The old gentleman had called forth all sympathy, and arranged consolation, and then the resignation was suffered to drop. Some people are telling how much the mere circumstance of his great cares, "John Hoss," offered the partiality of one old man to his talents.

Certainly when he appeared at the Grove, there was nothing in his appearance, in habits, in family, to foster uneasiness. Mrs. May and Miss Churchill had scarcely observed him, absorbed as they were in thoughts of the morrow. On the return from the burial ground—after Emily and Sophie had left off weeping—Mrs. Churchill looked around her, and said—

"You must stay with us, at least a week or two, now that you are here, and we must share together this room that I prepared for you—I will have the crib brought down from the third story, and put by the side of my little Hagar. Our room must be given up to the use of the teacher, Mr. Withers, and I prefer to let him have mine, for its distressing associations affect my nerves dreadfully."

"Then the new preacher is to board with you, Emily?"

"Yes, my love, for many good, very good reasons—first, he was my husband's friend, and then I am afraid to live here by myself, as I must without a man about the place, and then he will be able to tell me that I must receive him, because it is so convenient to the church."

For her life, Sophie Churchill could not have explained the cause of the oppression that settled upon her heart, as the days ago that she had seen the young man on her spirits without thinking of it. They went into the parlor, that was one magnificent living herald with its sofas, polished steel fenter, and look seats. Emily, in the state-colored damask easy chair, and Sophie upon the floor at her feet, were the first to the seating could you have guessed the late presence of so gloomy a visitor as that under her roof, in the room.

Emily, by the expressed wish of her late husband, wore no mourning—a soft and full white muslin wrapper, decorated with a deep black ribbon, and gathered around her slender waist by a cord and tassel. Her fine, silky black hair was parted over her forehead, and hung in thick ringlets that scarcely reached her bosom—the heated back, and was confined at the nape of the neck in a plain colored chair. Sophie Churchill's close sleeve completion looked more elegant in her clinging and fashioned brown hair, her large, melancholy brown eyes, and her brown silk dress. Sophie leaned with her head and arm upon the knees of her friend, whose chair was near that end. Kitty came in to lay the tea-things, and a small table stood on the floor centered by a snow white damask cloth, while chins his service, and the nice light refreshments of tea, bread and butter, and cake, with the cool calm of Emily's preparation. The tea was placed on the table, and their hostess summoned from the piazza, where he had been promenading. He came in.

He came in with his tall form his hand and placing it upon a side stand, slowly and gravely seated the seat at the foot of the table where Emily and Sophie were seated, and then cast their eyes scrutinizingly to look at him and at once the whole aspect of the room seemed changed—a formal solemnity gathered over it. Sophie, attracted by one of those a range spells exercised by objects of terror over us—could not keep her large startled eyes off him—at last he raised his head and looked her full in the face—her eyes fell and a violent shudder shook her frame—a just perceptible smile wrinkled the corner of his mouth as he withdrew his gaze from her. Sophie did not open her mouth to speak during the meal—Emily supposed her trepidation with her usual graceful ease. At the end of tea they arose, Kitty entered and cleared the table, and Mrs. May, making an apology, left the room to attend to some domestic matters. Sophie was now alone with the two widows. She remained her seat at the end of the lounge, he took the easy chair just vacated by Emily, and drawing it closer to the side of Miss Churchill, he stooped forward and stepped on his confidential tones—

"You live in this neighborhood, Miss Churchill?"

"Yes, sir," she said, and her eyes dropped, and the blood mounted in fever her lips boldly, and she felt pale—again that singular smile curled the corner of his lip.

"Far from this, Miss Churchill?"

"I live at Heath Hall."

"Ah! and nearly quite alone, Miss Churchill, with only one aged female domestic and an infant—"

"And God!" said Sophie, raising her eyes confidently to meet his, but the brilliant, lambent, greenish gray eyes seemed to freeze her eye-balls, and she dropped their slattering life again—yet she felt the glance of those glittering, cold, keen eyes entering her heart, and a chill, an icy chill ran through all her veins. She started up and sought Emily.

Emily was in the room, the dining room, where, seated in two little chairs at a little child's table, covered with a white cloth, figured the children, Gentry and Hagar, eating their supper of milk and sweet meats. The children were at each end of the table, and Emily was kneeling at the side with an arm lightly clasped around each—she had just then embraced the children and a tear was glistening in her eye. She arose as Sophie entered and said—

"Why have you left the room, my love, it was no rule to Mr. Withers?"

"Because I don't like him—I don't like him—How do you like him, Emily?"

"Well, dear, I don't know. I have scarcely had an opportunity of seeing him—he is a grave, grave in austerity, yet that, though it may save young maidens, was scarcely be esteemed a fault in the Pastor of the Crucifixion Parish."

"Oh! I was not that—was not that!"

"What was it then, my frightened dove?"

"I could not tell you! You wouldn't understand! Ah! I am sure you will not—you have not in her tender little womb sigh.

"You do, do talk at random, child—we concerned at you."

*He has ever looked at you and never spoken to you.*

"My dear, you are hysterical—I must give you some medicine. She went to a cupboard. But the wild fluttering of Sophie's startled heart subsided—she refused the morphine and at last they retired to the parlor.

The next day was Good Friday, and of course there was service at the church, and the Rev. John Hoss Withers was to preach his first sermon. Reader, do you happen to know what a great event the arrival of a new preacher is to country congregations? Not only does the parish over which he is placed, but the surrounding parishes for twenty miles about,

love a girl who is in no respect—age, mind, education, or wealth, your equal?"

"I did—didn't know I said? I loved you? No, Sophia, thank God I have never yet been, never, I trust, shall be, under the influence of that cruel word, and puerile passion."

"Then, in the name of reason and of mercy, why made he marry a girl whom you do not love, and no acknowledge, does not love, but who loves and needs love?"

"Precisely because she does love and needs love from me!"

"I will not marry you, Count Ugo, I will never, you hear! please God to give me strength. Surely I am a free girl; no one has a right, or will attempt or could succeed in forcing my inclinations. Come, I will be firm, and nothing ever shall move me."

"But dearest! You are in a set of circumstances from whence there is no escape. Sophia Cornelli! Do not struggle, you will injure your limbs and waste your strength only to entangle yourself the more."

Again silence ensued. Sophie continued from time to time to try to extricate herself from his grasp, each attempt but serving to rivet his chains closer but weaker—at last he said:

"The evidence of my love and its exclusion of the surrounding of your love—you can so easily escape the one as the other."

Sophie heard him more and more long and freely. He did not attempt to soothe, or even to speak to her. At last her fit of passion was over, she became lifeless, and she became calm. Then she said,

"Oh, I might have guessed all this sooner from the first thing I saw you at home with."

"Farthing again!"

The short struck. Sophie struggled.

"Mr. William, it is one o'clock."

"Well, Miss Cornelli, I only wait my answer to renew hope."

"I have given you the only one I can give—take it again. Excuse my impatience to you."

"Then I can take you—that's all, Sophie. Mrs. Gardiner Green will call upon you to-morrow; and so saying, he arose and took his leave.

When left alone Sophie paced uneasily up and down the floor, saying as she counted all her troubles:

"Am I mad or gone mad? am I dreaming? Under a spell? Oh, what is it then? What is the thing beneath the invisible dominion? Why cannot I awake, arouse from this? I know I'm free; only can? I see my freedom? What a spectacle! what a mystery, what a heaven! Oh! my heavenly Father! If I could awake! I know my free will! Oh, help me! help me! help me to see, and there is no resisting it!"

Time the passion of her soul was still further roused to the true grasp of a strong and implacable one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Romance of Life.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR BETWEEN HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.

We can to-day lay before our readers one of the most striking instances of female heroism and devotedness, and we feel the more pleasure in citing it, as the incident is one which has occurred during this moment so much excites our sympathy.

Whoever has followed the late historical events in Europe with the interest it commands, knows to what extent the measures of coercion and of exile, Russia, are carried on to frustrate the attempts of Hungary, for an equal independence. Vague accounts of wholesale executions of prisoners of war who fell into the hands of the Austrians, have also reached us from time to time, but the Austrian papers are silent on the subject, and the little that is known has been gathered from private letters which escaped interception. Certain it is that merciful orders have reverberated at Presburg and Pesth, before that was re-taken by the Hungarians, and the gaolers have been beneath the weight of sufficiently heavy responsibility, for the most extraordinary numbers throw into the hands of the tyrants.

In an encounter of a body of Austrian Uhlans with a troop of Hungarian Honvers, a young officer leading the latter, fought with the most distinguished gallantry, each as his lady cause alone could inspire him with. Dealing death with every blow he cut his way to the officer commanding the enemy, wounded the sword out of his hand, commanded him to surrender. A fresh struggle, however, ensued, and the Austrian was thrown from his horse, and mortally wounded. At the same moment the horse of the Hungarian, stabbed by the lance of Uhlan, made one more leap and fell, throwing Captain Czorch, his rider, so heavily on the ground that he became senseless. Soon after this, the fight was ended; another troop of Austrians came rushing upon the Honvers, and the Hungarians, who gave, but took no quarter, in the certainty of an ingenious death if main prisoners, were obliged to fly.

Captain Czorch was found by the enemy to be severely stunned by the fall of his horse, and soon recovered. He appealed to the generosity of his captors, and begged them to take him at once that he might be spared the disgrace of death by rope, but his appeal was in vain. He was marched off in the quarters of the Colonel in command, and was settled that he would be removed to Presburg, there to single his trial and regularly his crime on the gallows.

Czorch's young wife, when they saw their Captain fall through him dead, and reported this at the Hungarian head quarters; but the next day desertions came from the enemy's lines, relating how the Captain had been made prisoner, and what would be his fate. Those who had not mastered Count's fault, supposing he had graciously met it on the field of battle, the intelligence filled with despair. The officers went en masse to the Commander-in-Chief, praying for an attack on the lines of the enemy; but the position of the army was such as to bring certain destruction upon all, if successful, and they were consequently refused. Various other schemes were made to liberate Czorch, but had also to be abandoned again; till at last an offer was made to the Austrians to exchange him for one of their officers of high rank,—but the wise heads, everywhere, were found to have their counsels scorned, as they were well aware that Czorch was the trial and sentence would be hurried, and he captured his existence at the military code allowed Vienna.

Early the next morning, an English lady, with her companions and servants, desirous of the Hungarian General, to was conducted to his outposts on her way to Presburg. This was granted, and the travellers, after serving the Hungarians, passed the Austrian lines, and after-noon arrived at Schlaggen, a town on the north road, and then the head quarters of Lieut. Gen. Nadi, who came and paid his respects to the lady. At this place her companion despatched, saying to the attendants that she could proceed from Silesia and secure suffering, they are two hours after that she went out, and on her return told the sub-keeper that she had more private feelings, to which she would immediately remove.

On the same evening, a young Italian artist named Tranelli, introduced himself to the surrounding Czorch, stating that he had just for going from the North, and had on the road met an English lady whom he had formerly known at Milan, who had succeeded him with a note for the General, which he now begged in hand. The necessity existed, was imposed by a favorable reception of Mr. Tranelli, he being a well known accustomed friend of the writer. General Nadi, it appears, overlooked the necessity of asking for the gentlemen's passport, probably thinking that his acknowledged officers had established in fact, and Tranelli a special order to all civil, and commanding them to treat the Italian with all politeness and facilitate his progress southward. Tranelli set off almost instantly, and arrived in due time at the quarters of the Colonel commanding the Uhlans who held Czorch in custody. Here the artist was well received, the Colonel being a native of the Lombard provinces, and glad to speak in a language familiar to him, for he perceived at once, the extraordinary to the appearance of his guest, by no suspicion arose in him, the command of his superior officer vouching for the identity of the party he recommended.

Tranelli stopped the whole day, and hearing that the Uhlans had lately made some prisoners, he requested permission to see them, which was granted. Czorch was the first they visited. He begged the Colonel to be left alone, as his days were numbered, but on hearing the order cancel, he started as he had, made one step forward, when instantly recovering himself, he appeared master of his primary being transported as at such a time, by strongest even. Both visitors withdrew here upon, and after seeing some other prisoners, the Italian was satisfied, and at night took his leave of the Colonel, proposing to resume his journey early next morning, and a Sergeant was ordered to attend him to the outposts. Being under escort of a sergeant, Tranelli incidentally mentioned how much he would have wished to take the liberate of the captive Hungarian, and after showing a number of gold pieces came plump to the question, whether the Sergeant thought it could be done yet. After a good deal of persuasion and bribing the Austrian consented to it, provided he came to the outposts at an early hour. Tranelli assured him the per-sonage would have no objection to it, as he would promise him, to give his promise a copy of the Lieutenant's order. Tranelli assured him the per-sonage would have no objection to it, as he would promise him, to give his promise a copy of the Lieutenant's order. Tranelli assured him the per-sonage would have no objection to it, as he would promise him, to give his promise a copy of the Lieutenant's order.

Our readers will have guessed that Tranelli was not the person he gave himself out for. Instead of an Italian artist, there stood before Czorch his celebrated bride, Francesca Arrida, a noble Hungarian woman who had not time spent time to see him, and was now ready to bring greater sacrifices to liberate him. But it was wise, as the companion of the English lady, stopped at Schlaggen, where she remained Mrs's dress, and with that holiness which characterizes woman in the greatest danger, had, by waiting on the commanding General, faced it in his own room. Her intimate acquaintance with the Italian language enabled her to sustain her part with the Uhlan officer, and now in the presence of the Sergeant, she be-lieved not a moment and yielded to the affectionate embraces of Czorch. The Austrian, mistrustful, stood last in amazement, but Francesca went up to him, dismissed the relation existing between her and the prisoner; told him that he had forgotten his duty in allowing the escape of Czorch, that he would consequently be punished if detected, and finally offered him a very handsome sum if he would aid in Czorch's escape.

These last words are characteristic of the Austrian, and the Austrian consented, but when Francesca told Czorch that she would have to remain in his stead, as she had only the Austrian's consent, the fact that his persuasions had well may proved fruitless. The tears of the certain and fingerscroll forth which awaited Czorch if he remained, and represented her noble woman as certain and speedy. Yet woman, well as men, had been shot and hanged by the Imperialists, she knew it well, too, but she was tried to forget it. She had been captured with arms in hand, as other Hungarian women, who fought at the head of regiments which they themselves had raised, and she assured Czorch that her very determination to save him would secure many of the Austrians. She then spoke of the services which he might render his country, of his comrades, who were so anxious, and in a lively picture of what he might again perform, if free, in picked battle with the Austrians, and concluded at the same time, telling him by the happiness they would henceforth enjoy, to make his escape. And Czorch consented. Their parting was that of kind and affectionate friends who separated for a short time only—Czorch and his Sergeant both made good their escape, and were joyfully received at the Hungarian head quarters.

The astonishment of the Uhlan Colonel when the escape of Czorch and the fooling of another person was done, was reported to have been exceedingly great, but all that has been ascertained is, that Mrs. Francesca arrived in the same day travelled to Schemnitz, and from thence to Presburg. The fate of the brave Hungarian was not known from that place and brought the intelligence that the lady was to be tried on the morrow, the general impression being that she would be executed. A public mentative was instantly dispatched, but he came too late, the noble woman had been tried, and at the hour of the procession of many Austrian ladies of high rank, had been executed the same day. The fate of this heroine has follows:

Venice still holds out against the Austrians—the Italian tricolor flies from the Campanile over the tarnished glory of the Italian name. Latterly the besiegers of Venice have not gained an inch of ground. The sensible Austrian commander-in-chief, it is said, a bombardment of the ancient city of the Doges would be a crime.

On the 4th, the anniversary of the Revolution, the banner of St. Mark, with the lion, was exhibited on the towers of the Arsenal, on those of San Marco, Garibaldi, and Manin. This exhibition produced an immense effect. Every one shared in the enthusiasm of the people when the Hymn of Liberty was sung by the whole of the Venetian Theatre. To give an idea of the devotion of individuals, we may mention that the Deputy Treves, who had previously given a million, has offered the remainder of his whole fortune, 7,000,000, for the service of the country.

The fortifications, to favor the Hungarians, have been delaying, from day to day, the execution of their treaty of peace with Austria—the cause of a large body of the Austrian forces have been recalled to remain in Lombardy, which they will soon be advantageously employed in Hungary. Prince Windischgratz's command has been taken away—every day demand to sign the treaty of peace in four days, or otherwise the war will be renewed.

"Order reigns in Warsaw!" is the cry that we are rendered in the name of the Pope. Outland, in a letter addressed to the Czar, writes positive as the Pope by the French to his "*temporal authority.*" The French squadron has, it is said, received orders to transport the Pope to Civita Vecchia—but all is yet doubtful as to the course the Pope will take.

The American Consul at Rome had not received his functions when the outrage was perpetrated on Ing and family by the French soldiers. The Consul, after strongly protesting against the indignity, withdrew.

Garibaldi still remains aggeggerred—his force augmenting. He was at Orvieto on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, and levied a tribute of 2,000 pounds on the inhabitants, after which he took up a position in the neighborhood of Foudi, where Colonel Forbes, C.B., &c., were furnished to his soldiers.

From Florence we learn that the Government have received a telegraphic despatch, dated Sarlet, on the frontiers of Savoy, announcing the entire evacuation of the fortress of Rastatt on that day. Thus ends the first lesson of Republicanism in Germany.

It is announced from Genoa that the French steamer orders to embark for Italy, which had been countermanded after the announcement of the arrival of Rome, are now to be embarked for their original destination.

Louis Napoleon has returned from his trip to the castle of Ham, of which he was for so many years an inmate. He was accompanied by Count Persigny, Count Walewski, and by the Procureur at the Republic at Paris. The National Guards of Ham and Noyon erected triumphal arches in honor of his visit, and the reception given to the Prince was of the most enthusiastic description. It was the first time the number of cries of "Vive la Republique!" were very rare, and those of "Vive l'Empereur" very numerous. In a reply to the President to an address from the Mayor of Ham, he said, "I am leaving curious passage, proving the truth of the old adage, "circumstances alter cases."

Now that I am, for the chance of all France, become the big cosmetic thief of the great nation, I am about to capriciously which shall be the first to attack against a regular Government. When I was whose ambition was the most just and noble, who was accused commenced the audacity of the enterprise, and who had the most to risk in responsibility or affecting a change. I do not, therefore, hesitate to say that I have chosen the country could believe it a moment. They have known me for twenty years, and they know from which we can draw our possible amount of help. I go into the country where I have the most numerous guarantees to throw myself into it, and where I am certain of those moves. The Rhine Government is the one which I have the most to fear, and I have chosen it for the very reason that the working of the mines by the Prussian Government is the most perfect. I feel sure that the Emperor of Russia has a great interest in the success of my enterprise. I am going to Petersburg. Yes, there is a reserve of more than 100,000,000 francs in the vaults of the Bank of Russia, but it is a reserve of 414,000,000 francs in the vaults of the Bank of France, and I have a right to take, first if the Chamber of Deputies refuses me the 25,000,000 francs which I demand from it, 25,000,000 francs from those 414,000,000 francs which I have in my own vaults. I shall, I assure I have to say to the good people of France, that I have taken 25,000,000 francs from those 414,000,000 francs which I have in my own vaults. I shall, I assure I have to say to the good people of France, that I have taken 25,000,000 francs from those 414,000,000 francs which I have in my own vaults.

The cholera has become alarmingly prevalent in Egypt. On the 15th of July there died 1,000 persons; on the 16th 1,200; on the 17th 1,300. Of the 1,200 who died on the 16th, 1,000 were Arabs. Cairo is quiet—grim across the scene. Broad Cairo is counting the prospect of a good crop.

### THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

The President on his tour is received with great honors. At every place, almost, the public festivities welcome him. This is right. The President of the Union is entitled to the respect of all Americans, whether they voted for him or for their choice or not. At Leicester we see the following account:

At about five o'clock on the next morning, the President was awakened by a general salute of artillery, and soon after visited the market, in company with the Mayor and Corporation of the city. At the latter he was introduced to merchants and others, and then proceeded to the Court House, where he was received by the Governor of that city, and a number of the leading citizens of the county, who had assembled there for the purpose of paying their respects to him.

As for Austria, no one, I suppose, would care to be her friend. Her people hate her, and her government treats them as slaves. Her army is a band of hirelings from the most degraded portion of Europe, and her officers are a set of cowards, who, when they have to contend with other nations, are always beaten. As the years pass by throughout the country, the people are becoming more and more disaffected, and the Government that is resting on an unholy war, and on the most unholy principles, must fall. Let the people and those ingenuity countries in Europe see that I am not afraid to act, and that I am ready to do so, and they will be ready to act with me. Will any one dare, I say, to say to them that my success will not be a success for them? Will any one dare to say that the success of our cause will not be a success for the people of Europe? Will any one dare, I say, to say to them that my success will not be a success for them? Will any one dare to say that the success of our cause will not be a success for the people of Europe?

The next great question which will be decided, the United States can never escape the obligation to act. It is a question of right, and sooner or later, it will be settled.

### A QUESTION.

We find the following in one of our exchanges:

"The Hon. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has been officially informed by the State of Illinois, was entitled to a vote in the Presidential election, and has accepted the appointment. Among other bills, an amendment to the Constitution of Illinois was passed by the last Legislature, which provides that no person who has been convicted of bribery shall be entitled to vote. Mr. Bancroft was convicted in 1844, of bribery, and was fined $1,000 and costs. Let us attend a meeting. If Mr. Bancroft is entitled to vote, he is also entitled to hold office, and may be elected to the Senate of the United States, and the question arises, whether the Senate will admit him to his seat. We have no wish to be hasty in our judgment, but we do think that the Senate ought to be informed of the facts in the case, and that the Senate ought to be informed of the facts in the case."

Mr. Calvin further took occasion to explain, that the report that Russia had lately purchased $2,000,000 of English steel, was an "impostor." "It was a financial transaction of the great of St. Petersburg, the Government having nothing to do with it. The Government had no right to interfere with the power of Russia, as they were not in the habit of doing so. Monchine Nicholas or Mr. Milner said that he suspected the truth lay as usual somewhere in the middle ground—that Russia was prepared to be 1-2-6d, which would also be designed."

Mr. Reynolds, a Charter, (who probably was not in the regular corps of speakers,) avowed his belief that in no lady, sacred and solemn a cause, would not stand up to what is dictated of Hungary, if necessary. This assertion was received with much cheering, and he proceeded that the speaker had expressed the sentiments of the vast body of the people, but the contrary of the Government was manifestly not prepared to go that length at that time. A resolution was unanimously adopted, denouncing the intervention of Russia as "wholly unjustifiable in reason and in fact, repugnant to the principles of humanity, and a sanguinary contest which had been already virtually decided, it is a violation of the law of nations, and a flagrant outrage on the rights of Hungarians to the peace, the freedom, and the general welfare of Europe." A vote of thanks to the chairman, commanding the immediate recognition of the independence of Hungary by the English Government.

One discussion had taken place in Parliament on the subject, but nothing of any moment was expected. Besides the generous and patriotic reasons for the intervention of England in favor of Hungary, it is evident that a decline in a great trade with that nation, heretofore closed against British goods, has been occasioned, since the Russian loan, by the Russian steel, with the main body of his army, had broken through the net and wrested away to the Danube. Should Hungary be overthrown, the Austrian Emperor would, with the main body of his army, be at liberty to march upon the Turkish frontier, and by the treaty of the Austrian General, Sandberg, from Pesth, with considerable reinforcements, and have driven the Turks back upon Widdin. Russian reserve corps of 12,000 men. The battle lasted till evening, and the Turks were driven back, brought up still further reinforcements, and the next day attacked Wattzen, then in possession of the Austrians, and after a bloody and desperate contest, the Russians were successful—when in, and had been kept in check by a body of Hungarian troops, who had been sent to their aid. The Hungary himself

# United States SATURDAY POST.

## Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

### CANADA.

The "British American League" have put forth an address to the Canadians, in which they laud up the queenless under which the colony suffers. They say:

The people of this colony have, in war, rallied around the flag of their Sovereign, and in peace have endeavored to promote the welfare of their fatherland, by the up-right use of ballot and the barrel. In return for this devotion, the British Government has been extended to the colony a commercial relation not before known.

The harmony which so long existed—interrupted by an abortive rebellion—was again restored in its close, and the progress of the railway became a bond of union between the two, hitherto jealous of a wise imperial legislation. But, unhappily for Great Britain—as unhappily for the colony—a strong arm of her power—the last tie—the protection of her flag—has been withdrawn from us, upon equal terms with the United States—thereby relegating us from the rank, we formerly held, to one as a mission compelled, with them to submit to whatever terms they may dictate and cheaply accessible. In her proverbial fairness of heart, Great Britain has left us helpless in the abstraction of her colonies, with a view of obtaining from all quarters the largest amount of trade, thereby inculcating the world with her manufactures.

The new policy of the empire has recently produced a large reduction in the duties on sugar, imposed by an adequate tariff we have continued to tax that article—almost all British colonies agree, by our products—the principal source upon which we rely for duties—the principal article of import from English markets, except at a sacrifice. The result has been a large increase in revenue, with a healthy and general distress.

The present condition of the British American provinces, or treasonable discontent in the public mind, is a matter of interest in favor of protection to home industry. To promote these objects they recommend a separate and independent organization in every part of the country.

### MR. WALKER.

In relation to the "Walker movement in the "Vicksburg Sentinel," that the Hon. R. J. Walker had publicly declared his approbation of the Wilmot Proviso, the "Mississippian" says:

The *Vicksburg Sentinel*, we have no doubt, has been misinformed. Mr. Walker has refused to go to the most emphatic terms, his hostility to the Wilmot Proviso. He regards it as a dangerous measure, and fraught with nothing but evil consequences to the Union.

If we are not mistaken, the Washington Correspondent of the Public Ledger of the city, a man in all cases and contexts entitled to credit, has mentioned not long since that he was opposed to the introduction of slavery into the new territories. This led us to give credence to the report in the "Vicksburg Sentinel." Mr. Walker will have to show his hand.

A Renegade Woman.—The St. Andrew's (N. B.) Standard, contains the following extraordinary obituary notice:—

"Died, at St. Stephen's, on the 21st July, Mrs. Elizabeth Dodd, aged one hundred and seven years.

"In the death of this aged person there is a relative of interest and of mark. She was a renegade, the relict of a forgotten age, few know the stories that cluster around the name of Arnold. She embarked a British ship of the line in the Bay of Rhode Island, reached on the broad Atlantic, but before it had lost the harbor of Georgetown, Long was she to remain on the shores of New York. Thence carried to St. Augustine, where she married and settled on the banks of the Ashepoo. On the outbreak of the war between Great Britain and the United States, the settlers were made prisoners and taken to New Orleans, and from there she was transported to the Spaniards and taken in the Castle of Vera Cruz, where she remained for the space of three years. She was then ransomed and taken to Halifax, in 1815. She was then relieved and taken to New York. Deprived of her husband, she followed her husband through the principal campaigns, and was at many of the hardest fought battles of Marlborough, Wellington, Blucher, &c. At the close of the American war she came with the Loyalists to this province."

Strange Phenomenon.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate states that recently fire was discovered issuing from the ground in the lower part of that town, and that for the space of twenty or thirty feet square it appeared to be in a state of active combustion. A subterranean smell arose from it, and water, though applied freely, did not extinguish the flames. Fire and water all seem to have lost their power.

Balance of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 305—adults 194, and children 179.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE TRUE BASIS OF REPUBLICANISM.

Mr. Wakeman has lately rather than Paris, re-views a discussion by Professor Michel Chevalier on Liberty in the United States, in which he says that places American civil liberty in circumspective contrast with that of France. Mr. Wakeman denies that there is any self-government and self-reliance of the citizen of the United States—his personal independence—his freedom from the interference of every kind, within the bounds of social order and morals—his exemption from military conscription, and so forth; he condemns the French system. He admires our local system, the township and county system of the new districts of the West, and thinks that the French system would be improved by the adoption of what the valley of the Mississippi is the United States. Professor Wakeman is a man of great conscientious, and understands well the true character of French republicanism, little at other matters that related especially to the condition of the Empire upon the country of France. He says:

"Republicanism in the sense which prevails in Europe is the term which proposes to be maintained as model Republicans, thought that liberty and republican forms existed first in perfection in the United States, and that the true principles of Republicanism and serving with unanimous longevity—if not with perfection—the cause of liberty. Feel the pulse and sound the vessels of the multitude. If you discover that they have lost religious faith, that skepticism has cast down their souls, that there are but few chaste spirits with even the feeling of purity which is indispensable for the religious eye—conclude roundly that the people are in the last stage of corruption, and that to if what strikes you at once and at first, in the moods are relaxed, that the rich prefer open gaiety to love, that even among the middle classes the most fastidious female—that especially who affect more refinement—is the one who is most free in language and debauchery—too cool and insolent—you may forthwith conclude that the Republic is a despotism or a failure. How can the whole heaven for God, the source of all duty, regularly disobeyed—the obligations to be exercised—be maintained in a real due in a Democracy? How can be steadily found the support of upright public and private liberty, who mutilate and fails on the high road of conscience, morality? How can man who, on the Sunday and Monday, appears to be the very incarnation of a sincere, honest, orderly Republic? How can a people, such as we have described, found a Democratic Republic, must be vain and even self-destructive."

### KOSSUTH'S PRAYER.

The following prayer, uttered by the Hungarian leader over the graves of the brave who fell in one of the bloody battles of the revolution, gives the deep religious fervor of the man and of the race:

Almighty Lord! God of the warriors of Arpad! Look down from Thy starry throne upon Thy invoking servants, on whose heads the storms of the millions succeeds to Thy Heaven, praising the unutterable power of Thine Omnipotence. Hear, O, hear me on this day of mourning, when the repose to relate of my fallen, brave brethren; where my feet tread the dust of their ashes, and a cry rises from the dust of their ashes, and a cry rises from the dust of their ashes with the holy blood of the children of our nationality, which they have poured out for us. They can fall have laid flowers may spring up from the blood, as that these hills of departed heroes may rest and cover the ashes of evil of Aliens and God of the nations! hear and hear the voice of my prayer, which I make at the grave of brave nations with thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny to the people and that will not look bright and as the sun shines upon it.

The most murderous lure are those who are not known to be enemies.

We understand, says the London *Globe*, that Mr. Washington will retire Mr. James's Bank, as a consular, to a close. Don't believe it.

When Queen Elizabeth died, was there found written upon her heart the name Mordecai.

"Satan, are you happy?"

"Yes, Deacon, I feel as though I was in Rothschild's bosom."

"Not in Rothschild's?"

"Well, some of the patriarchs; I don't care which."

A Cooper once shared a certain Governor by attributing the disease in greatness to "the mental rashes that fell at seeing so much of himself in their family in the gubernatorial chair."

The Directors of the *Free Academy* in New York, have adopted Phrenography as one of the studies of that institution.

OLD WHITEY.

Old Whitey is thus described by a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, who very naturally thought that it would be interesting to all to hear about an animal which had been good services at Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey and Buena Vista:

There he was, eagerly feeding upon the green grass, forbidden to all other animals, at a post between the White House and the Treasury Department, where the stables stand. If we had expected to find a lofty, military charger, carrying his neck in conscious pride, pawing the ground with impatient energy, or startling the ear with his loud neighing, we should have been disappointed. No such imaginations of stately pride and martial glory were to be realized by a near view of this patriotic horse, this gallant and faithful servant of a bold, brave man. No, it was Old Whitey still, a plain, practical, serviceable animal, apparently possessing, in his humble measure, some of the very qualities which have rendered his rider so eminently useful.

Old Whitey is of the medium size, but remarkably clean legs. (I think this is the jockey phrase,) not approve angle and action for one of his years, or being now somewhat fat. His spirit and fitness, however, are evidently in a trance of his physical vigor. He has seen hard service in his day, and perhaps has been hardly treated on his way to that haven of rest. I mean that the popular prejudice on his account, or the want of his services in the abstraction of such an element from the social and mercantile parts, are very much to abridge their usefulness and impair their beauty. Old Whitey, however, still has a very fine eye, his nose is sound and feeling well put him in better fond, and improve his general trim. We are to give a good deal of his colors again, by impulse words, such as the equine race understand, but though he occasionally starts at a bird he seemed much more inclined to nibble the superior grass of the enclosure.

The eyes of this favorite are peculiar. He has what are called glass eyes in them, and scored his face there in the appearance of the white. On his belly he carries the scars received in battle, showing that he has had some warm work in his day. I think, were received at Monterey, where General Taylor was mounted on him, and he will have perhaps on account of the conspicuous color of his horse. It will find his white hair. Old Whitey, for his contest against so much exposure at the desperate fall of Buena Vista, and pluck prevailed on him to charge his horse for one of less mettle and fleetness.

Whatever seem partial to "milk white steeds." That, I believe, was Gen. Washington's fancy; but, Whitey, as the property of General Scott. Old Whitey, we are informed, at once recognized his master, and expressed his satisfaction by whinny; it is the only sound reported in "Mrs. Bib." Other people are more coldly received. The principal part of the time he will have been in the Presidential stable, and will, in the Presidential Cavalcade, be the only horse voted by American citizens who came to the Capital.

### DENOMINATIONAL STATISTICS.

The Methodists in the United States, including the Canada North and South, and the Methodist Episcopal, number in their body 1,179,026 members. The Baptists of the various number but 2,000 of the large aggregate. The number of Methodist Episcopal churches reported is 13,302, for which these statistics are compiled. The number of ministers in the Episcopal portion of the church is 780.

The Baptists, including the Regular Anti-Mission, Free Will, and others, have 11,200 churches, 8,944 ministers, and 813,721 members.

The Presbyterians, Old School and New, have 4,000 churches, 3,415 ministers, and 394,325 members.

The Congregationalists have 1,936 churches, 1,463 ministers, and 153,185 members.

The Episcopalians have 1,100 churches, 1,404 ministers, and 87,850 members. There are 210 more ministers than churches.

The Lutherans have 1,415 churches, 599 ministers, and 140,825 members.

The Associate Reformed, Cumberland and other Presbyterians, together with Reformed Dutch and Reformed German, have 1,450 churches, 1,438 ministers, and 241,740 members.

The Roman Catholics have 997 churches, 921 priests, and 1,160,000 members.

The Unitarians have 214 churches. The number of ministers and members are not reported, but the number of ministers, or doubtless as large as the number of churches, and the number of the churches contain, on an average, as many as the Orthodox Congregational Churches, the aggregate would be over 20,000.

The number of churches of these several denominations, with their ministers and members, are not reported, is 41,481. Allowing the Methodists 1,000 churches, the whole number would be about 15,000.

The whole number of ministers in these denominations is 12,000. Allowing the average to each house of churches 4,187,141. Supposing the population of the United States to be 20,000,000, we would gave one professor of religion to every five of the population, including infants, and one in three and a fraction. How many of these professors of religion are not possessors, we may not undertake to say. The Methodists and Presbyterians would make a very material deduction.

The Catholics have the largest number of churches and ministers. The Catholics be a the largest number of members. The Methodists, Baptists, ministers, and 23,833 more members. The Old School Presbyterians have 725 more churches than the Congregationalists, 1,052 more ministers, and 141,260 more members.

*Presbyterian Quarterly.*

## Clippings.

[☞ In Dorchester may be seen a queer epitaph on a grave-stone that reads very sensibly:

On the 21st of March,
Death's angel made a mistake
Around the house they sadly mended
They took a mend,
And cut her down like wood.

[☞ The Turks have a proverb which says that the sight of a dead body softens for that day many evils, that tears are but the choice spices with even the hardest of hearts will shed, and that possible for the vulgar eye—resolute remedy that the pompous the hypocrite can not shed a tear, or if what strikes you at once and at first, in the moods are relaxed, that the rich prefer open gaiety to love, that even among the middle classes the most fastidious female—that especially who affect more refinement—is the one who is most free in language and debauchery—too cool and insolent—you may forthwith conclude that the Republic is a despotism or a failure. How can the whole heaven for God, the source of all duty, regularly disobeyed—the obligations to be exercised—be maintained in a real due in a Democracy? How can be steadily found the support of upright public and private liberty, who mutilate and fails on the high road of conscience, morality? How can man who, on the Sunday and Monday, appears to be the very incarnation of a sincere, honest, orderly Republic? How can a people, such as we have described, found a Democratic Republic, must be vain and even self-destructive."

[☞ A Chinese has been exhibited at Peterborough, weighing 1,474 pounds, and measuring 18 feet in circumference. It was made from upwards of twenty hundreds of milk of 107 cows.

[☞ A new religious sect, called Adelites, has sprung out in Bohemia, whose abstentions are of the most immoral and disgusting kind.

[☞ A machine has been invented entitled a "fire annihilator," which, by a powerful application of vapor, extinguishes a room thirteen feet on five seconds.

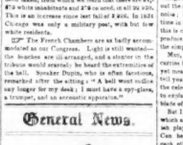
[☞ Miss Allen, sister of the late Gen. McDonough, died on the 31st ult., of cholera, at the County Academy, near Wilkesbarre, Del., aged 80; she had been confined for twenty years or more, on a bunion.

[☞ Rumor says that Lord Elgin, Governor of Canada, is about to resign, and leave for England by way of New York. His friend child—Lord Bruce—was christened on Monday week.

[☞ A census of the city of Chicago has just been taken, from which we learn that there are 64,000 white inhabitants and 874 in color. In all 65,000. This is an increase since last fall of 4,000. In 1850 Chicago was only a military post, with but few white residents.

[☞ The French Chambers are so badly accommodated as our Congress. Light is still wanted—the Senators are sitting over each others' laps, and Orleans would scarcely be heard the extremities of the hall. Napoleon, who is often listened to, remarked after the sitting: "A hall wont suffice for the speaker, but for desk; I must have a spy-glass, a trumpet, and an acoustic apparatus."

## General News.



### LATEST FOREIGN ITEMS.

Revenge Rewarded.—The Vienna Lloyd's Journal, of Jly 29th, has the following order of the head of Lajos Kossuth:—*Hungarian Refugees.—More Triumphs on Hungary.*—Another battle has been fought by the Hungarians. Dembinski has charge of the army of the Lower Danube, and Bem that between Pesth and Waitzen. The news from the Lower parts of Hungary is most favorable to the Magyars."

Hungary.—Kossuth is in Bem's camp. His energy does not slacken, and the spirit of the insurrection grows weak. He has ordered the crumbs of the Hungarian territories to be gathered in the churches of Hungary. The population is worked to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A bloody battle is said to have been fought on the 24th inst. between the people. It is passed from runner to runner, and the latest news is from Buda.

Kossuth has address of a note to France, calling on the Hungarian refugees to leave that country, and to return to Hungary by the Roman intervention. According to him, the movement was not at first for a change in favor of a republican form, but was simply an opposition to the usurpations of the Court party. Hungary has always been a power, being also Emperor of Austria, wished to absorb Hungary in his Empire. The Austrian army and treasury constitutional, and the Emperor forced to calls republicanism by calling in the Russian troops. He adds that Hungary will not be forced to submit, falling into the hands of Russia, but prefers the anarchy of the triumph of the nobility and perpetual house of Hapsburgh.

Progress in Austria.—An ukase has been published, dated Vienna, July 26th, by which the Jews are to be allowed to hold real property throughout the Austrian dominions. The Protestants, Old Schism and Non-Union Greeks, and Armenians, and 194,625 members.

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*Presbyterian Quarterly.*

## Original Essays.

### HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### NO. XII.

Having considered the harmonies which subsist between animals and all things around them, let us take a rapid view of the harmonies which exist between every being and all things around him having relation with the king of nature.

Behold him in his study. Surrounded by philosophers surrounded by a multitude of instruments which enable him to weigh the air, and by ingenious machines with which

He measures the heavens and penetrates the elements. The cause and effect of electricity, and the use of it, becomes subservient to his will. A thousand agents are raised at the same time in chrystal globes; one will extinguish fire, the other will produce it; one will cause the air to produce water, hydrogen and oxygen united, and the simple contact of the other produces death.

Man, placed on a globe of dust which turns and carries him with rapidity, whether he will or no, yet measures the immensity of heavens. He will tell you the size, the swiftness of the motion of the celestial bodies, and their distances. Ask him to explain the atom around him, or, how or why a blade of grass grows, and he remains silent.

But I see him also playing with steel needles which attract and repulse each other. What children play. Does this confound his intelligence? Can he tell why they thus attract and repulse each other? He cannot tell the cause of this motion, but he holds the key which opens to him all parts of the world: nothing will have a greater influence on man than the discovery of the effects of the magnet, though he may not know the cause. He is master of space and of time; for the one produces the one and gain the other. On a road of iron, he can run with winged steeds. On the abyss of the ocean, his fleet rove without sails and without rowers. He hitches fire and water to his car instead of a courser. With a metallic rod, a little coal and some drops of water, he makes cities, annihilates distances, removes mountains, hastens civilization, and forces different people to know, and, in the love each other. By means of a wire he can communicate his thoughts to another thousands of miles distant, and hold a conversation with his friend at his desk.

Man, the being so weak, and as if by accident placed on this part of the globe, can, by the use of the talents the influences of the stars, and ascertains the laws of their motions. A bit of amber suffices to show the movements of the earth. A piece of iron point he starts and ends by directing the course of the ship. A piece of wood, a compass, and a few nails, the means of which he cannot tell, and which he uses without knowing why, are a signal to all parts of the world. A few grains of sand rolled will discover to him thousands of celestials in a drop of vinegar, and enable him to count the hairs of mites in the depth of the heavens. With a little powder saltpetre, steam, water, sulphur, and some bowlder, save, fire, wool and silk, and earth and water, he can make a thousand things, among the rest of a soldier. His genius renders the mechanic arts, which seem to occupy the wants of his body, all the conveniences of life, and the luxuries of his intelligence, and seems only to be necessities of his nature. He is surrounded by harmonies which please his eyes, his ears, his taste and touches he completes the grand prologue.

What marvels performed by a creature cast upon the earth without clothing, without a home, and without any except. By the sole strength of his thought he has built beautiful cities, created societies, and the arts, covered himself with purple, and silk, and gold, and in the midst of all these wonders he has created for himself a thousand needless and the night of God.

BUBULCUS.

## Varieties.

Capital Punishment.—In Sol.—A late sermon preached at Edinburgh, by the Dean of Ripon, written review of a sermon by the Dean of Ripon, on the subject of "The Sacredness of Human Blood of Murder." The Dean's Text is the 9th verse of the 9th chapter of Genesis, and the right of man shall his blood be shed." The reviewer denies that the original Scripture reads so. He says—

"I say these are not the words of God. It may be proper for a human to command that a man and a dean to boot, on such a point; but this is not the first time that ecclesiastical dignitaries have put their own ideas into the mouth of the Most High, and have thus given to their assertions the authority of Divine Revelation. Whatsoever shouldth man's blood, as blood shall be shed for it?' And why? Because in the image of God made he man. Mark the distinction. The words 'in the image of God' are interpolations, and have been placed in the passage by the Rabbis, Priests and Deacons, who produced new readings to suit the Gospels of their own sect, and to support Sovereigns, the most high and mighty Prince James," who found thousands of old women for witchcraft upon Bible authority.

In this way Will some one versed in Hebrew please answer.

Faith About Assassination.—A writer in the Boston Medical Journal, states the following facts in relation to the power of the mind over the body, which may be made later benefit to the medical theatre students:

That the longevity of the pure Africans is greater than that of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe.

That Mulattoes, i. e., those born of parents one being African and the other Caucasian, or white, have decidedly the shortest term of existence of the human race.

That mulattoes are more liable to die under the age of 25, than the whites between those ages —from 40 to 50, 30 to 1—and from 50 to 70, 100 to 1.

4. That the mortality of the free people of color in the United States is greater than that of the slaves.

5. That those of mixed African extraction in the United States are not more liable to disease or premature death than the whites of their own and neighborhood, and that they are as much and as frequently as mankind among the free people of color, as among the slaves, the question of comparative intensity connected to the militaries.

[☞ A shower of rain, so red as blood, fell near the village of Rancagua, Chile, on the 20th ult., reported from thence in a westerly direction over Lauricocha, Pontagaica, &c., towards Lautaro. Many persons who were in the field at the time, and clads of earth, many of which were like rubble. A specimen of the earth is in the hands of Dr. Gay, a resident on the S. side of Mont Blanc, where it is considered a curiosity.

[☞ The Boston Times announces that a certain party is forming in Boston to purchase the use of Faneuil Hall as a part of the West.

## Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY E. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,
No. 56 South Third street.
*Philadelphia, August 16, 1856.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Philadelphia banks | par |
| Country banks | 1 dis |
| Allentown | 1 dis |
| Bank of Chester county | 1 dis |
| Bank of Delaware county | 1 dis |
| Bank of Germantown | 1 dis |
| Bank of Gettysburg | 1 dis |
| Bank of Middletown | 1 dis |
| Bank of Montgomery county | 1 dis |
| Bank of Northumberland | 1 dis |
| Bank of Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Bank of Pottsville | 1 dis |
| Bank of Reading | 1 dis |
| Bank of Wilkesbarre | 1 dis |
| Bank of York | 1 dis |
| Bank of Washington | 1 dis |
| Bedford | 1 dis |
| Bucks county banks | 1 dis |
| Carlisle | 1 dis |
| Chambersburg | 1 dis |
| Columbia | 1 dis |
| Commercial Bank of Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Easton | 1 dis |
| Erie | 1 dis |
| Exchange Bank, Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Farmers' Bank of Bucks county | 1 dis |
| Farmers' Bank of Lancaster | 1 dis |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Reading | 1 dis |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Wilkesbarre | 1 dis |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, York | 1 dis |
| Franklin | 1 dis |
| Gettysburg | 1 dis |
| Harrisburg | 1 dis |
| Hollidaysburg | 1 dis |
| Lancaster | 1 dis |
| Lebanon | 1 dis |
| Lehigh county banks | 1 dis |
| Lewistown | 1 dis |
| Lycoming county banks | 1 dis |
| Mauch Chunk | 1 dis |
| Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank, Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Mifflin | 1 dis |
| Monongahela Bank, Brownsville | 1 dis |
| Northampton | 1 dis |
| Northumberland | 1 dis |
| Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Pottsville | 1 dis |
| Reading | 1 dis |
| Schuylkill county banks | 1 dis |
| Susquehanna county banks | 1 dis |
| Towanda | 1 dis |
| Union Bank, Pittsburg | 1 dis |
| Wayne county banks | 1 dis |
| Westmoreland | 1 dis |
| Wilkesbarre | 1 dis |
| Wyoming | 1 dis |
| York | 1 dis |

NEW JERSEY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Belvidere | par |
| Burlington | par |
| Camden | par |
| Cape May | par |
| Cumberland | par |
| Elizabethtown | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Mount Holly | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Bridgeton | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Burlington | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Camden | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Elizabethtown | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Flemington | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Freehold | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Hackettstown | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Jersey City | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Morristown | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Newark | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, New Brunswick | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Paterson | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Somerville | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Trenton | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Woodbury | par |
| Hackettstown | par |
| Hunterdon county banks | par |
| Jersey City | par |
| Monmouth county banks | par |
| Morris county banks | par |
| Newark | par |
| New Brunswick | par |
| Orange | par |
| Paterson | par |
| Salem | par |
| Somerville | par |
| Trenton | par |
| Warren county banks | par |

DELAWARE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Delaware, Wilmington | par |
| Bank of Newcastle | par |
| Bank of Smyrna | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Dover | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Georgetown | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Newcastle | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Smyrna | par |
| Kent county banks | par |
| Laurel | par |
| Milford | par |
| Newcastle county banks | par |
| Sussex county banks | par |
| Wilmington | par |

MARYLAND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Baltimore banks | par |
| Bank of Commerce | par |
| Bank of Maryland | par |
| Bank of Westminster | par |
| Carroll Bank | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Cambridge | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Centreville | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Easton | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Elkton | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Frederick | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Salisbury | par |
| Commercial and Farmers' Bank, Westminster | par |
| Cumberland | par |
| Easton | par |
| Exchange Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Farmers' Bank of Maryland | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Frederick | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Westminster | par |
| Frederick | par |
| Hagerstown | par |
| Marine Bank | par |
| Mechanics' Bank | par |
| Merchants' Bank | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Cambridge | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Centreville | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Easton | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Elkton | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Frederick | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Salisbury | par |
| Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, Westminster | par |
| Merchants' and Planters' Bank | par |
| Northern Bank | par |
| Northern Bank, Frederick | par |
| Northern Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Northern Bank, Westminster | par |
| Planters' Bank | par |
| Union Bank | par |
| Western Bank | par |
| Western Bank, Hagerstown | par |
| Western Bank, Westminster | par |

VIRGINIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Alexandria | par |
| Bank of Commerce, Norfolk | par |
| Bank of Fredericksburg | par |
| Bank of Virginia | par |
| Exchange Bank, Norfolk | par |
| Farmers' Bank of Virginia | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Fredericksburg | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Norfolk | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Fredericksburg | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Northern Neck banks | par |
| Petersburg | par |
| Richmond | par |
| Virginia banks | par |
| Winchester | par |

NORTH CAROLINA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Cape Fear | par |
| Bank of Commerce | par |
| Bank of Fayetteville | par |
| Bank of Newbern | par |
| Bank of North Carolina | par |
| Bank of Washington | par |
| Cape Fear banks | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Fayetteville | par |
| Merchants' Bank | par |
| Newbern | par |
| North Carolina banks | par |
| Raleigh | par |
| Roanoke Bank | par |
| Washington | par |

SOUTH CAROLINA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Camden | par |
| Bank of Charleston | par |
| Bank of Georgetown | par |
| Bank of South Carolina | par |
| Bank of the State of South Carolina | par |
| Bank of the Union | par |
| Camden | par |
| Charleston | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Georgetown | par |
| Planters' Bank | par |
| South Carolina banks | par |
| State of South Carolina | par |
| Union Bank | par |

GEORGIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Augusta | par |
| Bank of Augusta | par |
| Bank of Brunswick | par |
| Bank of Commerce | par |
| Bank of Darien | par |
| Bank of Georgia | par |
| Bank of Macon | par |
| Bank of Savannah | par |
| Bank of the State of Georgia | par |
| Brunswick | par |
| Central Railroad Bank | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Darien | par |
| Georgia banks | par |
| Macon | par |
| Marine Bank | par |
| Merchants' Bank | par |
| Planters' Bank | par |
| Savannah | par |
| Southern Bank | par |

CANADA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of British North America | par |
| Bank of Montreal | par |
| Bank of Upper Canada | par |
| Canada banks | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Gore Bank | par |
| Montreal | par |
| Ontario Bank | par |
| Quebec banks | par |
| Toronto | par |

VIRGINIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Commerce, Norfolk | par |
| Bank of Fredericksburg | par |
| Bank of Virginia | par |
| Exchange Bank, Norfolk | par |
| Farmers' Bank of Virginia | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Fredericksburg | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Norfolk | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Farmers' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Fredericksburg | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Petersburg | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Richmond | par |
| Merchants' Bank, Winchester | par |
| Northern Neck banks | par |
| Petersburg | par |
| Richmond | par |
| Virginia banks | par |
| Winchester | par |

NORTH CAROLINA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Cape Fear | par |
| Bank of Commerce | par |
| Bank of Fayetteville | par |
| Bank of Newbern | par |
| Bank of North Carolina | par |
| Bank of Washington | par |
| Cape Fear banks | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Fayetteville | par |
| Merchants' Bank | par |
| Newbern | par |
| North Carolina banks | par |
| Raleigh | par |
| Roanoke Bank | par |
| Washington | par |

SOUTH CAROLINA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Camden | par |
| Bank of Charleston | par |
| Bank of Georgetown | par |
| Bank of South Carolina | par |
| Bank of the State of South Carolina | par |
| Bank of the Union | par |
| Camden | par |
| Charleston | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Georgetown | par |
| Planters' Bank | par |
| South Carolina banks | par |
| State of South Carolina | par |
| Union Bank | par |

GEORGIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Augusta | par |
| Bank of Augusta | par |
| Bank of Brunswick | par |
| Bank of Commerce | par |
| Bank of Darien | par |
| Bank of Georgia | par |
| Bank of Macon | par |
| Bank of Savannah | par |
| Bank of the State of Georgia | par |
| Brunswick | par |
| Central Railroad Bank | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Darien | par |
| Georgia banks | par |
| Macon | par |
| Marine Bank | par |
| Merchants' Bank | par |
| Planters' Bank | par |
| Savannah | par |
| Southern Bank | par |

CANADA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of British North America | par |
| Bank of Montreal | par |
| Bank of Upper Canada | par |
| Canada banks | par |
| Commercial Bank | par |
| Gore Bank | par |
| Montreal | par |
| Ontario Bank | par |
| Quebec banks | par |
| Toronto | par |

## Marriages.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, Mr. Frederick Hoyt, to Miss Elizabeth H. E. Hoyt, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Jas. H. Dickson, D. D., Mr. Wm. H. Hutchinson, to Miss Margaret Hutchinson, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Wm. Wilson, to Miss Mary Ann Wilson, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Wilson, Mr. Thos. Wilson, to Miss Mary Ann Wilson, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. Thos. J. Mayer, to Miss Mary Ann Mayer, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Wilson, Mr. Thos. Wilson, to Miss Mary Ann Wilson

## Selected Poetry.

### CARIE.

FROM THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

Girl, well loving eyes so blue—
Girl, with gentle heart so true—
With an open, radiant brow,
And a voice so sweet to hear,
Hood, oh! hood my loveliest one—
Left more sunny than you were!

Let me kiss again thy cheek—
Let thy pure lips once more speak,—
Tell thy lingers, ah! so rare,
Through my curly auburn hair,—
Tell again thy love to me,
In a voice of melody.

Girl, with cloud eyes sad and still—
Girl, with gentle heart so chill,
With a placid, marble brow,
And a voice all silent now,
Hood, oh! hood my loveliest age,
Left once more those eyes to miss!

Could thy cheek—thy brow is cold—
No more will thy arms enfold
Neck of mine—no more thy warm
Whisper love a word will charm,
Thou will never heed my age,
Never let those eyes to mine!

Though thy lips no more shall part,—
Though no more thy gentle heart,—
Though the sorrowful sorrow then
From my stern heart-agony,
I shall ever love thee again.
Smiling sweetly on my pain!

In the chaste and beauteous flowers,
Oweetly growing nearby thee,
I shall see thee—in soft words,—
In sweet notes from Nature's book,
In the stars so pure and high
And the presence cannot die!

See thy loving eyes so blue,—
Feel thy gentle heart so true,—
Hear thy voice so sweet and low—
Then will heed my melody sing,
As I left more eyes to thine! B.

## Leaves from History

### THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT.

THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY OF MEXICO BY CORTEZ.

FROM PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The General had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canal in the causeway. The engineer in command to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all picked men, to cross passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the branches, and transported to the rear. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and some fortunate would be left to the rear guard. In addition, if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the latter would have been great and the time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms and in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open, and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage. The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, aided the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, or looked if had been since the fall of Montezuma. Gradually, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tacuba, which as lately had crossed in the turmoil of battle. All was now buried in silence; and they were only reminded of their way by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse or a dark heap of the slain, which the plashy rain from the night had not been lastest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, where polished surfaces gleamed with a sort of polished lustre through the obscurity of the night, they easily found that they discerned the shadowy forms of the foe lurking in ambush, and ready to spring on them. But it was only hasty and the city slept unbothered, even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horse and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage wagons. At length, the lighter space beyond the deadly line of buildings showed the rear of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of so assault in the city itself, and that a best time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered branch, which now met their eyes several lateral embankments, who had been stationed at the, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm, and fled, crossing their countrymen by their course. The priests keeping their night watch on the summit of Tacuba, anxiously caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war god sent forth those solemn notes which beast only to assemble of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards now had no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Impatient to get to try its strength, and riding across, was followed by his little body of cavalry, his infantry, and allies who formed the rear division of the army. Then came Cortez and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and part of the artillery.

But before they had time to derive across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty torrent agitated by the winds—a grow louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was raised a spherical noise as of many oars. Then came a few scouts and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They increased in number and force, till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war cries of myriads ever land and lake!

The Spaniards paused silently on through the several street, though the barbarians, finding their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon the ranks. But the Christians anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavalry, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants, and rode over their prostrate bodies, while the men on foot with their good swords, or the butt of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching, probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty horsemen, had already opened much time and the leading line had already reached the second branch in the causeway before those in the rear had entire, reached its first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage, scarcely all the while assailed unintermittingly with arrow from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the troops crossed, and Magarino and his steady followers endeavored to raise the pondrous frame-work. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike in such huge attached every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all, of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth, that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored, amidst a torrent of missiles and many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man, and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended, than a cry of despair arose, which not be easily drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat was now cut off. Instant hope was all. The only hope was in such desperate exertion as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger united intense selfishness, each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. In the confusion, many fell by the river, were crushed on the brink of the land. Swarming Cortez and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across,—others failed, and some who reached the opposite bank, being stopped by the steep ascent, rolled backward into the water. The infantry followed pell mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts, or struck down by the war clubs of the Aztecs, while many on unfortunate victims was dragged half stunned to the beach, and there consumed for sacrifice in the great temple.

The carriage right hastily along the side of the causeway. In obscurity built, in the thick darkness, presented a mass sufficiently distinct for the enemy's missiles, which often contained those who countryman in the blind fury of the moment. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes along side with a force that shattered them in pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together.

But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the enemy. The Mexicans were encouraged by their whole

continued on page 2, column 1

## Wit and Humor.

### SETH HAWKINS'S LARCENY.

There is a tradition in Hastown, and very generally believed to be true, which, whether true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkins's operations,—a courtship otherwise not remarkable for incident, other than the usual quota of hot, vile, protracted visitation, accredited attentions, and happy consummation—as "everybody does it."

This little incident, as the talk ran among the villagers, was a jewel in its way, and about which laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very tan-nail of the local paddock.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly cleaning, as Mrs. Merchy would say, and his road to neighbor Jones, whose daughter, Sally, was the object of his particular hopes, lay across those long miles of hard territory, the dissipation of a prodigal son, good only on the third time.

Seth, all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, forth, "in best bib and tucker, boots and duds, and all that, mounted his nervous horse weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—sweet girl, by the way, as everybody and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it; but the night was rough, and it was a little after he became confused in his reckoning; and, taking the right track from Farmer Jones's old log cabin in the distance, for a guide, he pushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, weighing reasonably the right or left was the nearest course to his path, until he ran on to a huge stump, big as a hay-stack, and there he stuck fast.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then re-mounted his horse. Cortez and his men examine were compelled to plunge again into the lake,—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the dike for a moment, breathing what to the Unbroved as he was, to throw himself into the water. But he was not to be daunted by danger, and he swamped around the opening, effected but a desperate chance of safety.

He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance in the middle of the ditch, which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprang forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap. Actree and Tlascalans posted in equal amusement, exclaiming as they beheld the incredible feat, "Alva is a teule—Alva is the child of the sun" and the name of the *Sol-te-Alvarado*, given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivalled those of the demigods of Grecian fable.

Cortez and his companions now rode forward to the front, and in a loose, disorderly manner were marching off, the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or assailed with the occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The greater part of the army had already passed the fatal spot that crowned the battle ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy continued the fight with their usual spirit, would probably, in their crippled condition, have been cut off probably to a man. But the Mexicans, as usual, were not allowed to fatile through the advantages which fortune offered, to reflect, it might be called, of Imperial.

The Spanish commander three dismounted from his jaded steed, and sitting down on the steps of an ancient temple, overlooked the whole line of the retreat. Here he was joined by the remnant of the battle ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy continued the fight with their usual spirit, would probably, in their crippled condition, have been cut off probably to a man. But the Mexicans, as usual, were not allowed to fatile through the advantages which fortune offered, to reflect, it might be called, of Imperial.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked every where for a cross night-gown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but there upon was not to be found. She couldn't find it.

"Sally!" cried the old lady, from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes'm," echoed her voice, as if in the last stages of suffocation, "you'm, Seth Hawkins wore it home."

It was unfortunately the case; and poor Seth was obliged to ride all the way back to get his clothes, which he found next day with an apology, and he never called on Sally Jones after. Such a mistake, whatever, if an article of any description whatever, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had been after it, and by way of it, too.—*Boston News.*

### JUST MISSED IT.

A minister of our acquaintance, somewhat literary, who at recent visit to Boston, called on Dr. (who is after all, the best husband,) gave us an account of the courtesy to which she once came to a proposal. A widower of her acquaintance, a lawyer, was in that forlorn state of uncomfortableness which encourages one to look out for a mate. In this condition, our heroine chanced to call upon him one day at his office, (he was a lawyer.)

Upon her entering, he motioned to his partner, (the brother in-law,) somewhat hurriedly, to leave the room. He brought his chair in the nearest possible contiguity to the lady.

"I have, sir," said he, with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you know my wife."

Certainly."

"It is not good for man to be alone."

"Perhaps not."

"And I have reflected upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other and desile them part."

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now that I am alone in the world, and I feel very much inclined—"

"I should think it likely."

I think I must do something to restore to me her kindly consolations and the memory of her virtues."

(Here he pressed Martha's hand closely.)

"Don't you see my hand is cold?"

"Did I press your hand? Well, I'll come to the point. I have a proposal to make."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! I have concluded to write my widow biography. I have lived with her for some twenty years, and if you will correct my manuscript and write the headings of the chapters I will give you half the profits."

The lady refused him. She was right.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—Not very long since, a young gentleman, a certain village in Somersetshire, who prided himself on his cleverness, in a fit of unusual generosity,—for he was a penurious man—resolved to treat his friends. Forthwith, he issued cards of invitation to a select party. Of course, he was a practical joker, known as such by his friends and acquaintances, and he had set it in a letter, purporting to be from Her Majesty, appointing her "well-beloved" mayor of the village, in the discontent of the whole county. Of course, but redressed, he set about preparing for the entertainment. He was determined that his guests should be taken in the matter. On the left hung a gorgeous crimson velvet curtain embroidered and fringed with gold, and under it was a table of the same rich material. On the table were placed a splendid silver inkstand, a gold pen, and a sheet of parchment, on which was written a long list of names, and at the bottom of which was a blank which the mayor was to fill with his own name. Everything was arranged with the greatest care, and the mayor, who was a man of very small capacity, was completely taken in by the whole affair. He was to be introduced into the room by the town clerk, who was in the secret, and was to be left alone for a few minutes to read the letter and fill up the blank. Then he was to be called back, and the curtain drawn aside, when he would see the inkstand, pen, and parchment, and would be expected to sign his name. The mayor arrived at the appointed time, and was duly introduced into the room by the town clerk, who left him alone. He read the letter, and filled up the blank with his name. Then he was